The ſecond part, To the ſame tune.

A Pilgrime poꝛe amid the land,
that could not be content,
But to indure the golden Calfe,
full oft did I conſent:
In fleſhly froward fuming fume,
full many a time I ſaid
In Egypt Land great ſtoꝛe woe had,
both victuals, fleſh, and bꝛead.

The Hypocrite I playd likewiſe,
and would not ſtand in awe,
I came to aske which Pꝛecept was
the greateſt in the Law.
I fed like greedy glutton fat,
and did the begger hate,
I had ſuch buſineſſe, let I was
to come to marriage gate.

What ſhal I ſay, ſince thou doſt know
my ſinnes in number all?
To ſtand in judgement can I not,
except thou rid my fꝛyall.
Foꝛgiue, foꝛget, put out of mind,
good Lord, my great offence,
And heale my ſoule with pꝛice of blood
my ample indulgence,

Shal I deſpair, oꝛ dꝛead moꝛe doubts:
my ſinns is not ſo great,
But mercies of my Saviour Chꝛiſt,
ſurmount them many a ſteppe.
And by his pꝛomiſe hold I take;
knock ye, and I will open.
Seeke, call, come all that laden be;
the mouth of God hath ſpoken.

I will be ready, heare, and helpe,
your ſins as ſcarlet red,
As white as ſnow, ſhall purged be,
in Eſay this is ſaid.
Examples eke of mercies moe,
the text at large doth tell,
Diſcourſing of the ſinfull Wife,
who long liued as rebell.

Both Mary Magdalen and moꝛe,
had pardon grant of thee,
Yea euen the Thiefe, by his beleefe,
doth liue eternally.
Why ſhould not I, poꝛe ſinner then,
be bold to ſue foꝛ grace,
When this I ſee abundantly,
thy goodneſſe will imbꝛace.

All ſuch as will repent with teares,
and turne with whole intent,
And quite refuſe their ſinfull waies,
and earneſtly relent.
Turne, turne, o Lord, turne then to me
my heart I rent and teare,
In death, in life, I am thine owne,
foꝛ me thou paydſt full deare.

Laud, pꝛaiſe, and thanks, with mind & heart,
to thee, my God, I giue,
Diꝛect my waies, at end of daies,
in glooꝛy let mee liue.
That bleſſed Ghoſt may mount to ſky
when woꝛmes the body eate,
Lord heare my ſute, & grant me grace
I humbly thee intreat.

FINIS

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